Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of *Cloudeſle.*

Adam Bell. William. Clim of the Clough.

Printed at *London* by *Richard Cotes*, and are to be ſold by *Francis Grove* dwelling upon Snow-hill. 1648.

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Adam Bell.

MErry it was in the greene forest,
among the leaves greene:
Whereas men hunt east and west,
with bowes and arrowes keene,
To raise the deare out of their den,
such sights have not oft beene seene:
As by three yeomen in the North Country,
by them it is I meane.
The one of them height Adam Bell,
another Clim of the Clough,
The third was William of Cloudesle,
an Archer good enough.
They were outlawed for venison,
these yeomen every chone:
They swore them brethren on a day,
to English wood for to gone.
Now lith and listen Gentlemen,
that of mirth lovely to heare:
Two of them single men,
the third had a wedded fere.
William was the wedded man,
much more then was his care:
He said to his brethren on a day,
to Carlile he would fare,
There to speake with faire Alice his wife,
and with his children three:
By my troth said Adam Bell,
not by the counsell of me:
For if we goe to Carlile brother,
and from this wild wood wend,
If that the Justice do you take,
your life is at an end.

If that I come not to morrow brother,
by prime to you againe:
Trust you then that I am taken,
or else that I am slaine.
He toke his leave of his brethren two,
and to Carlile he is gone:
There he knocked at his owne window,
shortly and anon.
Where be you faire Alice he tane,
my wife and children thre?
Lightly let in thine owne husband,
William of Cloudesle.
Alas then said faire Alice,
and sighed very sore:
This place hath bene belet for you,
full halfe a yeare and more.
Now I am here said Cloudesle,
I would that in we were:
Now fetch us meate and drinke enough,
and let us make good chere.
She fetcht him meate and drinke plenty,
like a true wedded wife:
And pleased him with what she had,
whom she loved as her life.
There lay an old wife in that place,
a little before the fire:
Which William had found of charity,
more then seven yeere.
Up she rose, and forth she goes,
evill might she spæd therefore:
For she had set no foote on ground,
in seven yeeres before.
She went into the Justice hall,
as fast as she could hie:
This night she said is come to towne,

William of Cloudesle.
Thereat the Justice was full faine,
and so the Sheriffe also.
Thou shalt not travell hither for nought,
thy méed thou shalt have ere thou goe.
They gave to her a right good gowne,
of Scarlet it was I heard saine:
She toke the gift and home she went,
and couched her downe againe.
They raised the towne of merry Carlile,
in all the hast they can:
And thronging fast unto the house,
as fast as they might gan,
There they beset the good yeoman,
about on everyside:
William heard great noise of the folke,
that thither-ward fast hide.
Alice opened a backe window,
and looked all about:
She was ware of the Justice and Sheriffe,
and with them a great rout.
Alas treason, then cryed Alice,
ever woe may thou be:
Goe into my chamber, husband thée said,
sweete William of Cloudesle.
He toke his sword and his buckler,
his bow and children thrée:
And went into the strongest chamber,
where he thought surest to be.
Faire Alice like a Lover true,
with a Pollax in her hand:
Said, he shall dye that commeth in
this doore, while I may stand.
Cloudesle bent a right good bow,
that was of a trusty trée:

He smote the Justice on the brest,
that his arrow burst in three:
Gods curse of his heart said William,
this day thy coate did me gre[illegible]
If it had bene no better than mine,
it had bene nere the bone.
Yeld the Cloudesle said the Justice,
and thy bow and thy arrowes thee fre:
Gods curse on his heart, said faire Alice,
that my husband counselleth so.
Set fire on the house said the Sheriffe,
sith no better it will be:
And burne we therein William he saith,
his wife and children three.
They fired the house in many a place,
the fire flew on hye:
Alas then said faire Alice,
I see we here shall dye.
William opened a backe window,
that was in his Chamber hie:
And there with shafts he did let drive,
his wife and children three:
For Christs love doe them no harme,
but wreake you all on me.
William shot so wondrous well,
till his arrowes were all gone:
And five so fast about him fell,
that his bow string brent in two.
The sparkles brent and fell upon
good William of Cloudesle:
But then was he a woefull man,
and said, this is a Cowards death to me,
Lever had I said William,

with my sword in the rout to ran:
Then here amongst mine enemies two,
so cruelly to bourne.
He toke his sword and his buckler then,
and among them all he ran:
Where the people thickest were,
he smote down many a man.
There might no man abide his strokes,
so fiercely on them he can:
Then they threw windowes and doores on him,
and so take that yeoman.
There they him bound hand and foote,
and in a depe dungeon him cast.
Now Cloudesle then said the Justice,
thou shalt be hangd in hast.
One vow shall I make said the Sheriffe,
a paire of new gallowes thou shalt have,
And all the gates of Carlile shall be shut,
there shall no man come in thereout.
There shall not helpe Clim of the Clough,
nor yet Adam Bell,
Though they come with a thousand mo,
nor all the devills in hell.
Early in the morning the Justice arose,
to the gates fast gan he gone:
And commanded to shut close,
lightly every chone.
Then went to the Market place,
as fast as he could hie,
A paire of new gallowes there did he set up,
beside the Pillory.
A little boy stood them among,
and askt what meant that gallow tree:
They said to hang a good yeoman,
called William of Cloudesle.

That

That little Boy was towne swine-heard,
and kept faire Alice swine:
Full oft he had seene Cloudesle in the wood,
and gave him thereto vine.
He went out of a crevice of the wall,
and lightly to the wood he ran
There he met with these lusty yemen,
shortly and anon.
Alas then said the little boy,
you tarry here all too long:
Cloudesle is tane and dombe to death,
and ready to be hangd.
Alas then said good Adam Bell
that ever we saw this day:
He might have tarryed here with us,
so oft we did him pray.
He might have dwelt in greene forrest,
under these shadowes shene;
And kept both him and us all free
out of trouble and teene.
Adam bent a right good bow,
a great hart soone he has slaine;
Take that child he said to thy dinner,
and bring me mine arrow againe.
Now we goe hence said these lusty yemen,
tarry we no longer here:
We shall him borrow by Gods grace,
though we buy it full dere.
To Carlile went those good yemen,
in a merry morning of May:
Here is a fit of Cloudesle,
and another is for to say.

AND when they came to merry Carlile,
in a faire morning tide:

They

They found the gates shut them unto,
round about on every side.
Alas then said good Adam Bell,
that ever we were made men,
These gates are shut so wondrous well,
that we may not come therein.
Then spake Clim of the Clough,
with a wile we will us in bring:
Let us say we be messengers,
straight come from the King.
Adam said I have a Letter, well
let us wisely worke:
We will say we have the Kings seale,
I hold the Porter no Clarke.
Then Adam Bell beate at the gate,
with strokes great and strong:
The Porter heard such a noise thereat,
and to the gates he throng,
Who is there said the Porter,
that maketh all this knocking?
We be two messengers said they there,
be come right from the King.
We have a Letter said Adam Bell,
to the Justice we must it bring:
Let us in our message to doe,
that we were againe to the King,
Here commeth none in sayd the Porter,
by him that dyed of a tree:
Till that a false theefe be hanged,
cald William of Cloudesle.
Then spake Clim of the Clough,
and sware by Mary free:
If that we stand long without,
like a theefe hanged shalt thou be.
Loe here we have the Kings seale:

what burden art thou wood?
The Porter wend it had bene so,
and lightly did off his hood.
Welcome is my Lords seale he said,
for that you shall come in:
He opened the gates full shortly,
an eddill opening for him.
Now are we in sayd Adam Bell,
whereof we are right faine:
But Christ he knowes assuredly,
how we shall out again.
Had we the keyes sayd Clim of the Clough,
right well then should we spéd:
Then might we come out well enough,
when we sée time and néede.
They called the Porter to counsell,
and wrung his neck in two:
And cast him in a déepe dungeon,
and tooke the keyes him fro.
Now am I Porter said Adam Bell,
sés brother the keyes we have here.
The worst Porter in merry Carlile,
that came this hundred yére.
Now we will our bowes bend,
into the towne will we goe:
For to deliver our neare brother,
that lyeth in care and woe.
Then they bent their good yew bowes,
and looked their strings were round,
The Market place in merry Carlile
they beset in that stound,
And as they looked them beside,
a paire of new gallows there they sée,
And the Justice with a Quest of Squires,
that judgeth William hanged to be.

And Cloudesle lay ready there in a Cart,
fast bound both foot and hand:
And a strong rope about his neck,
already for to hang.
The Justice call'd to him a lad,
Cloudesle cloaths he should have.
To take the measure of that yeoman,
and thereby to make him a grave.
I have seen as great marvail said Cloudesle,
as between this and Pasin;
He that maketh a grate for me,
himself may lie therein.
Thou speakest proudly said the Justice,
I will thee hang with my hand:
Full well heard this his brethren two,
there still as they did stand.
Then William cast his eys aside,
and saw his two brethren,
At the corner of the market-place well prepar'd,
ready the Justice to chase.
I see comfort, said Cloudesle,
yet hope I well to fare:
If I might have my hands let free,
right little might I care.
Then spake good Adam Bell,
to Clim of the Clough so free:
Brother, see you mark the Justice well,
lo yonder you may him see:
At the Sheriff shot I will
strongly with an arrow keen,
A better shot in merry Carlile,
this seven years was not seen.
They loosed their arrows both at once,
of no man they had dread.

End

The one hit the Justice, the other the Sheriffe,
that both their sides gan bleed,
All men voyded that stood them nye,
when the Justice fell to the ground:
And the Sheriffe nye him by,
either had his deaths wound.
All the Cittizens fast gan flee,
they durst no longer abide;
There lightly they lost Cloudesle,
where he with ropes lay tyde.
William stept to an Officer of the Towne,
his axe out of his hand he wrung:
On each side he smote them downe,
him thought he tarried all too long.
William sayd to his brethren two,
this day let us live and dye:
If ever you have need as I have now,
the same shall you find by me:
They shot so fast that tidy and good,
for their strings were of silke full fine,
That they kept the streete on every side,
the battle did long endure.
They fought together like heathen fell,
like hardy men and bold:
Many a man to the ground they stroke,
and made many a heart colde.
But when their arrowes were all gone,
men prest on them full fast:
They drew their swords then anone,
and their bowes from them cast.
They went lightly on their way,
with swords and bucklers round:
By that it were mids of the day,
they made many a wound,
Many an out horne in Carlile was blowne,

and

and the Bels backward did ring;
Many a woman said alas,
and many their hands did wring.
The Maior of Carlile forth come was,
and with him a full great rout:
These yeomen dread him full sore,
for of their lives they were in great doute.
The Maior came armed a full great pace,
with a Poller in his hand:
Many a strong man with him was,
within that store to stand.
The Maior smot at Cloudelle with his bill,
his buckler hast in two:
Full many a yeoman with grief fell,
alas treason they cryed for woe.
Kepe we the gates fast they bad,
that these Traytors thereout not goe:
But all for nought was that they did,
for so fast downe they were layd;
Till they all thrust so manfully together,
were gotten out of a brand.
Have here your keyes said Adam Bell,
my office here I forsake:
If you doe by my counsell,
a new Porter doe you make.
He threw the keyes at their heades,
and bad them still to threst;
And all that letteth any good yeoman,
to come and comfort his wife.
Thus be the good yeomen gone to bed,
as lightly as lease on linde;
They laugh and be merry in their mode,
their enemies were farre behinde.
When they came to Gillian hall,
under the trusty tree;

There they found bowes full good,
and arrowes great plenty.
So God me helpe sayd Adam Bell,
and Clim of the Clough so free.
I would we were in merry Carlile,
before that faire mayny.
Then sate they downe and made good cheere,
and eate and drunke full well.
Here is a fit of these wight yeomen,
another I will you tell.

AS they sate in English wood,
under their trusty tree:
They thought they heard a woman wepe,
but her they could not see.
Sore then sighed faire Alice,
that ever I saw this day:
For now is my deere husband slaine,
alas and wel away.
Might I have spoke with his deare brethren,
or with either of them twaine,
To shew to them what him befell,
my heart were out of paine.
Cloudesle walkt a little aside,
and look under the green-wood linde,
He saw his wife and children thre,
full woe in heart and minde;
Welcome wife, then said William,
under this trusty tree:
I had wend yeaterday by the sonne set,
thou shouldst me never see.
How well is me she said that ye be here,
my heart is out of woe:
Dame, he said, Be merry and glad,
and thank my brethren two.

Hereof to speak said Adam Bell,
I wis it is no bote:
The meat that we must sup withall,
yet resteth fast on foote.
Then went they downe unto the lawnd,
these Noblemen all three:
Each of them slew a Hart of Grece,
the best they could there see.
Have here the best Alice my wife,
said William of Cloudesle
Because yée so boldly stod by me,
when I was slaine full nye.
Then they went to supper,
with such meate as they had:
And thanked God for their fortune,
they were merry and glad.
And when they had supped well,
certaine without any lease,
Cloudesle sayd we will to our King,
to get us a Charter of peace.
Alice shall be at our sojourning,
in a Nunnery here beside:
My two sons shall with her goe,
and there they shall abide.
My eldest sonne shall goe with me,
for him I have no care:
And he shall bring you word againe,
how that we doe fare.
Thus be these good yeomen to London gone,
as fast as they may hye;
Till they came to the Kings palace,
where they would néeds be.
And when they came to the Kings Court,
unto the palace gate:
No man would they aske leave,

but

but boldly went in thereat,
They proceeded present into the hall,
of no man they had dread.
The Porter came after, and did them call,
and with them gan to chide.
The Usher said, yeomen what would you have
I pray you tell to me?
You might have Officers shent,
good sirs from whence be ye?
Sir, we be Outlawes of the Forest,
certaine without any lease:
And hither we be come to the King,
to get us a charter of peace.
And when they came before the King,
as it was the Law of the Land,
They kneeled downe without letting,
and each held up his hand.
They said, Lord we beseech thee now,
that ye will grant us grace,
For we have slaine your fat fallow Deere,
in many a sundry place.
What be your names then said the King,
anon that you tell me:
Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough,
and William of Cloudesle.
Be ye those theeves said the King,
that men have told to me?
Here to God I make a vow,
ye shall be hanged all three,
Ye shall be dead without mercy,
as I am King of this Land.
He commanded his Officers every one,
fast on them to lay hand.
Therefore they tooke these good yeomen,
and arrested them all three.

So may I thrive said Adam Bell,
this game liketh not me.
But good Lord we beseech you now,
that ye will grant us grace,
Inasmuch as we do to you command,
or else that we may
With such weapons as we have here,
till we be out of your place.
And if we live this hundreth year,
we will ask of you no more.
Ye speake proudly said the King,
ye shall be hanged all
That were great pity said the Queene,
if any grace might
My Lord when I came through this land
to be your wedded
The first bone that I would aske,
you would grant me
And I asked ye never none till now,
therefore good Lord
Now aske it Madam said the King,
and granted shall it be.
Then good Lord I you beseech,
these yemen grant ye me.
Madam ye might have asked a thing,
that should have been
Ye might have asked towns and townes,
Parkes and Forests plenty,
None so pleasant to my pay
nor none so lefe to me.
Madam, wit it is your owne,
your asking granted
But I had lever than you,
good Market
The Queene was a glad woman

and said, Lord gramercy
I dare undertake for them,
that true men they shall
What good Lord speake so
that they might comfort
I grant you grace then
wash fellowes and
They had not sitten but a while
certaine without leasing
There came two messengers
with letters to the King
And when they came before
they kneeled down
And said your Officers greete you well
of Carlile in
How fareth my Justice (said the
and my Sheriffe also
Sir they be slaine without
and many an Officer
Who hath them slaine, said
anon that you tell me
Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
and William of Cloudesle.
Alas for ruth then said the King
my heart is woundrous sore
I had lever
I had known
For I have granted them grace
and that forethinketh me
But had I known all this before,
they had beene hanged all
The King openes the Letter
himselfe he read it the
And there he found how these

Fyrst the Justice and the Sheriffe,
and the Maior of Carlile towne,
Of all the Constables and Catchpoles,
alyve he left not one.
The Bailiffes and the Beadles both,
and the Sergeants of the Law,
And forty Foresters of the fee,
these outlawes have yslaine,
And broke his Parks and slaine his deere,
of all they chose the best:
So perilous outlaws as they were,
walked not by East nor West.
When the King this Letter had read,
in heart he sighed full sore:
Take up the table then said he,
for I can eate no more.
The King then called his best Archers,
to the Buts with him to goe:
I will see these fellows shote said he,
that in the North have wrought this woe.
The Kings Botmen bent their bowes,
and the Queens Archers also:
So did these wight yeomen,
with them they thought to go.
There twice or thrice they shot about,
for to assay their hand:
There was no shot these yeomen shot,
that any prycke might stand.
Then spake William of Cloudesle,
by him that for me died on tree:
I hold him never a good Archer,
that shooteth at Butts so wide.
Whereat then said the King,
I pray thee tell to me:
At such a But sir he said,

as men use in my country.
William went into the field,
and his two brethren with him,
There they set up two hasell rods,
twenty score pace between:
I hold him an Archer, said Cloudesle,
that yonder wand cleaveth in two,
Here is none such, said the King,
for no man can so doe.
I shall assay sir, said Cloudesle,
ere that I further go:
Cloudesle with a bearing arrow,
clave the wand in two.
Thou art the best Archer, said the King,
for soth that ever I see:
And yet for your love, said William,
I will do more maistery,
I have a sonne is seven yere old,
he is to me full dere
I will tie him to a stake,
all shall see him that be present,
And lay an apple upon his head,
and goe six score paces him fro
And I my selfe with a broad arrow,
shall cleave the apple in two.
Now hast thou then, said the King,
by him that dyed on tree,
But if thou dost not as thou hast said,
hanged shalt thou be,
And if thou touch his head or gird,
in sight that men may see,
By all the saints that be in heaven,
I shall you hang all three.
That I have promised said William,
I never will for shame:

And there's even before the King,
in the earth he drove a stake,
And bound therto full fast,
and bad him stand still thereat,
And turned the childs face him from,
because he should not start,
An Apple upon his head he set,
and then his boldness did appear,
Himself from them did go,
and thither Cloudesle came,
There he drew out a fair broad arrow,
his bow was
He set that arrow
that was both stiff
He prayed the people that were there,
that they would still
For he that shooteth for such a wager,
had need of a steady hand.
Much people prayed for Cloudesle,
that his life
And when he made him ready
there was many a
Thus Cloudesle clave the
as many a man might see:
Now God forbid then said the King,
that thou should shoot at me.
I give thee twelve pence a day,
and my bow shalt thou bear:
And over all the North Country,
I make thee chief Ryder.
And I'le give thee twelve pence a day, said he
by God, and by my fay.
Come hither thou proud
no more shalt thou slay this day.
William, I make thee a Gentleman,

of clothing and of fe:

for they are lovely to

your sonne for be to tender

of my wine cellar

better preferred

I long full foze to see:

to goberne my

as fast as they can

that of heaven